

PITHY PLEA OF A CHILD.

I think the world is really sad.
I can do nothing but annoy.
For little boys are all born bad,
And I am born a little boy.

It doesn't matter what's the game,
Whether it's Indians, trains, or ball;
I always know I am to blame,
If I amuse myself at all.

I said one day on mother's knee:
"If you would send us right away
To foreign lands across the sea,
You wouldn't see us every day."

"We shouldn't worry any more,
In those strange lands with queer new
toys;
But here we stamp and play, and roar,
And wear your life out with our noise."

"The savages would never mind,
And you'd be glad to have us go
There, nobody would be unkind,
For you dislike your children so."

Then mother turned, and looked quite red,
Of not think she could have heard;
She put me off her knees instead,
Of answering me a single word.

She went, and did not even nod,
What had I said that could annoy?
Mothers are really very odd,
If you are born a little boy,
—Spectator.

A COLONIAL

FREE LANCE

By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

I had worked with feverish haste, knowing that the outcome of this episode with the Ajax would terminate for good or evil in a mighty short time. Once they ran off our track we would be comparatively safe, though, to lessen this possibility, I surmised that they would themselves be guided by the drift, only using their oars that they might make their speed greater than that of the schooner. By so following they might hope to overtake us, and doubtless would have done so if we were now at the point where the rush of the Hudson meets that of the Sound river, and the rips and whirlpools formed by the mingling of these waters off and below Nutter's island were constantly creating counter streams and cross currents that shifted and spun with the minutes, ever changing and never at rest save at the brief intervals of slack water on the turning of the tides.

Beyond the gurgling and rushing of the stream not a sound could I now hear, though once or twice I was sure I caught the thumping of oars in their throes and heard voices of men. But if I did, they went wide of us, for the minutes swung into half an hour at least, and the half hour into a whole one, yet nothing of the boats from the Ajax did I see.

And now I took a deep breath and moved, for during this time of terrible suspense we on deck had barely stirred. Not a sound had come from below, nor had an attempt to discover the windows been made, and yet I knew one man had a broken nose from a market butt, and both must be pressed for want of air. Mistress Gertrude still sat on the cabin top and crouched low near the companion door, with pistol in hand, was her brother.

As patient as this girl, she was human flesh, and a delicate bit of femininity at that. The cabin top could not be made permanent quarters for her, and though I believe she would have collapsed from sheer exhaustion, she was suffering a wound of complaint, it was an excruciating suffer for her to remain in her quarters and seated on bare, hard planking. Up to the present comfort had not been considered, but now that immediate danger was past, I turned my thoughts to the young lady, and cast about for a retreat to which she might retire. Save the hold or the fore-cabin, no spot was available, and either would be repugnant to one of her fastidious tastes. Still, shelter she must have; I would see to it presently, but now I became more than curious to know what devilment was meant by the continued silence of the two desperate men caged in the cabin.

It struck me that the quiet, coupled with what had gone before, might have a mighty significance, and going softly to a corner of the tangle, I quickly threw it up, and looked in. The light was out. Drawing back out of range I called, Scammell by name, and then Lounsbury, but received no reply. Putting the threat of death in my demand for an answer, I still received nothing in return; so clamoring to the cabin top, I laid my ear above a dead-light to catch a sound of movement within, but had hardly taken my position when both nose and lungs were assailed by such a mixed stench of burned powder, lamp soot, rum and foulness in general as to almost turn my stomach, though it at once cleared up the my story.

Here, now, was my threat to stifle them carried out better than I knew. Dragging off the tarpaulin, I pushed away the hatch cover, drew the bayonet from the staple, forced back the companion slide and entered. The first thing I did was to stumble over a man's body on the floor, and then I turned and got to the deck, for the air in the cabin was more than I could at once endure. Letting the place clear for a little, I fetched the galley lantern and went down once more. The cabin was yet filled with a heavy blue mist, and the sulphurous fumes were choking. Lounsbury lay on the floor with his face covered by blood, apparently dead, both eyes being swollen and his countenance blackened beyond recognition. His companion sat on the cushioned transom, jammed into a corner betwixt a berth and the bulkhead. He was unconscious, and, with his tongue hanging out, was breathing feebly. Physically he was alive, but, through liquor and foul air, was dead drunk that nothing could have roused him. Three empty brandy bottles lay about, together with Scammell's saber, a broken sword, pistols and tobacco pipes, while on the table, the cotton cover of which was burned to ashes, were the remains of a leather powder pouch rent by explosion.

No wonder they had succumbed. In their tipsiness, or through the carelessness of desperation, they had fired their ammunition, the amount not having been sufficient to cause more than the muffled blow and flash I had heard and seen on the instant of our being hailed by the Ajax. This, with the smoke of the previous firing, together with the heat and closeness of the quarters, had created a smudge and fogginess in which were but a drunkard could have lived a minute. They had evidently been deep in some scheme to blow open the forward door (which showed signs of attack) when a spark from a pipe caused the plot to harass a plotter. Lounsbury had been the chief

sufferer, and thus was accounted for his blackened face and his cry for air and water. However, it could not have hit my turn better had I laid the train of events myself, nor was it long before I had the two lying on the deck and knew the cabin was sweetening and would soon be a fit retreat for Miss King. Neither was it long before I discovered that Lounsbury was not as dead as he was drunk, though hardly as far gone in liquor as Scammell, who could have been pitched over the rail and passed to the next world without the slightest inconvenience to himself. And more's the pity 'twas not done.

Like bags of dunnage I took them by their collars, hauling them amidships, and then clapped the wrists and legs of both into irons, articles which in those days stood somewhat ahead of the medicine chest in importance, and frequently in use. With a mingled feeling of pity, hatred, and disgust, I soured the soles with a bucket of salt water, and then left them for Nature to bring to life. As I moved aft I caught the freshness of a small, early morning breeze, and felt that ere long the protecting blacked fog would be rolled away. Much would have been given for a knowledge of our exact whereabouts, but as this was impossible, nothing remained but to prepare the schooner for sailing as soon as we could get our bearings. 'Twas a small job to cast off the gaskets and get loose the headsails ready for hoisting, but another matter for Ames and myself alone to run the heavy canvas of the main and fore-sails to their mast heads. I was fearful that the rattling blocks and rustling of the great cloths might herald our situation, but nothing came of it, and after a deal of hauling we got something like a slack set to the sails which for months had been midwiving against their booms.

Gradually a lividness came over the fog, and, as the light of the coming day strengthened, it showed the mist driving across us like a trade of smoke. As the light broadened I went to the binnacle to see how we were heading, but found the compass gone from it, and, on examination, discovered that all my instruments had been confiscated saving the telltale screwed into the cabin ceiling. This, like the hanging lantern, was being held by a white deposit from the explosion, but, on clearing it with my palm, I found we were heading north by east, or still going stern on toward the south.

So matters went till sunrise, the wind growing fresher as the time sped, and at last, while Ames and myself were putting the cabin into some shape and the girl had gone to overhaul the pack of provisions, I heard her give a great cry, and rushed to the deck to find she was standing by the fore shrouds looking at the sudden transformation which had come over the face of Nature. Often have I seen the sun rise, but never did it appear in such a grandeur of pearl and gray. The glory of its coming was none the less for the lack of vivid coloring. The fog had rolled off as rolls a curtain, and to the east and north lay piled in towering masses ranging from thunderous blackness to the opalescent clearness of a seashell. Through its misty caverns shot dazzling shafts of sunshine, which wavered and played over the face of the bank like the tremulous shifting of the northern lights. Astern, clear as far as one could see, lay the ocean blank of all sail, the small summer waves glinting back the strong light from the east. To the west and over our larboard beam stood out the green heights of Staten island, and under their shelter I marked two heavy ships of the line, while toward Sandy Hook lay two others with sails furled and at anchor. Gravesend bay also held one, a mammoth, which I took to be the Cerberus, but not a ship was alert. No more were in sight, and I marvelled that we had run the gauntlet of the fleet, thinking, naturally, that most of them had gone up the bay and must have lain close to our track. Little I knew that the link of Lord Howe's fleet had sailed east the day before, and thus opened the path that otherwise would in all likelihood have been blocked. But so it was, and later I knew we had the French to thank for having drawn them away.

Doubtless we were marked by a hundred eyes on board those about, but the levitians were powerless to harm us, their very size and ponderosity shackling them against quick action. Close aboard and on our starboard beam lay the white sand spit of the lower island which goes far to make New York harbor the haven it is, and once past this wilderness of beach, now known as Norton's Point, we would be on the sea.

With a shout of relief almost delirious I sprang forward and mastedhead both jib and staysails, while Ames jumped for the main sheet and drew it in. It was the first inkling I had that we were anything of a sailor, and the knowledge was mighty welcome. Slowly we came about until the schooner nosed into the west wind, and then I ran to the helm while I caught the draught with the headsail to help her getting past the point of "irons"; then I belayed both jib and staysails.

But of what use are these details? Enough to tell that presently we were slipping eastward and past the Dry River, the sails swung wing-on-wing, and an air, which turned to a calm as we fled, pushing us from over the taffrail and toward the rising sun.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PURSUED.

All that morning we sailed almost as blithely as ever pleasure seekers sailed a summer sea. True it was that a measure of anxiety still hampered my spirits, but as compared with what we had undergone, we were at heart as light as the filmy mares' tails floating athwart the blue above. And even now, while tragedy might be lurking near, there was an element of the ridiculous in our appearance, too marked not to be noticed by each of us. The girl, with a natural care of herself, was the most presentable of the three and looked to be but a proper youth; but 'twas Ames who gave color to the ship's present company. He had retained his wig—to make his hat fit, he said—and what with his fresh face, white hair, and clothes still mud-stained from his fall into the ditch the night before, he was a sight to behold. As for myself, I appeared to be in the last stage of dilapidation. A four days' growth of dark beard, my clothing burned, rain-soaked and ragged, my linen a shock to the eye, my queue ribbonless, and my hair streaming about my shoulders, I made a picture fit to repel the girl. Two days before, her likes or dislikes would not have caused me a second's thought, but now somehow my very size seemed to me obtrusive, and, coupled with my outward state, shamed me into an avoidance of her close observance.

But no change could I make in her manner when necessity brought us together. Her smile was as bright—as brighter—than the dazzling sea about us, her voice as free from nervous tremulousness, and her manner as self-composed as though she was treading a ballroom floor instead of the grimy, slowly heaving deck of a fugitive schooner. Once she had laid her hand on mine as I stood at the wheel, and seemed to be about to speak to me, giving a quick upward glance of her dark eye, though covering her gaze as quickly; but as her brother hove aft just then,

she turned away and went below to the cabin, which by this had been given over to her exclusive use.

I minded me that it was I to whom she first brought an allowance of salt beef and ship's bread, and let her brother wait. Somehow the fact warmed me, and then I apostrophized myself for a fool for having thought of it. How she regarded her errand lover I had easily seen in the way she turned her head and made a wide detour when necessity compelled her to pass him where he sprawled on the deck, his repulsiveness as much, if not more marked than his companion's, owing to the tarnished richness of his once glittering uniform. The prisoners had so far recovered as to be mauling, and in their restlessness had rolled into the scuppers. The sight of them was an evil easily remedied, and, as air and light were no longer imperative to their well-being, I had taken them into the fore-cabin and laid them each in a bunk, that they might finish off the fumes of liquor without offense to decent eyes.

Once onto the water we held a council to determine our destination. It was safer, I thought, to land my passengers on the Jersey coast and by myself try to work under short sail to New London, where was consigned the schooner's cargo. But neither brother nor sister would hear of such a move. Washington having withdrawn to the north, there could be no telling the state of southern Jersey, especially as it had been overrun with bands of marauders known as "Sandhills," and, there being no safe objective for the fugitives, to land would be but beginning anew a search for refuge. Without money (though I would make a shift to remedy the lack of that), without friends and with a price on their heads, a change to the pine wilderness of the western coast would be scarce an improvement over the deck of the Phantom, overlaid though she was. Such was their argument.

As for myself, nothing would have now tempted me to desert the vessel. By holding a course well south, clinging only to the loom of the Long Island coast as a guide (for I had no sure compass), I might run across a Yankee privateer or find protection in a possible French cruiser. At this moment I had recovered all I had lost and mere. The schooner with its cargo was intact; the gold was still in the cabin; I had been enriched by several rolls of money from Clinton (though I had not yet counted the coin, only guessing at its value by its ring on my pocket), while below were Lounsbury and a prisoner of rank. More than these, I had the knowledge of a move to be made toward the relief of Newport by the British, and—here I was honest with



"He was unconscious."

myself as I thus compiled my gains—I had two friends, one of whom, out of no cause, should come to no harm from mankind while I had an arm to interpose.

I had suggested the Jersey shore as a matter of duty. I had heard their determination to abide with me and share my fortune, be it high or low, with something of a feeling that put a new power into me, and, I fancy, a new light in my eye (had they been looking closely), not caused by the dazzle of the sun. Our destination lay, then, first for the Vineyard. There I would place this now homeless girl in care of my mother and sister, who were probably mourning for me as lost, then to New London to deliver prisoners and cargo to the proper authorities, and after that—well, I would wait and see.

At last, I would wait and see. One need not plan one's life for months ahead. Somehow there was a brilliant spot in the future which I dared neither to define or get behind—a Will-o'-the-wisp both tangible and elusive, which I could not analyze, being content with the glow it spread over my mental picture. The radiance lay on the ancient island farm. It fell on the ancient house and lived its homely interior. It went abroad over familiar fields, dusky woodlands and swamps, and gave a color to the stretches of lonely beach. It made life more than living, and changed the dross of existence into something very like gold.

I knew I was dreaming dreams and building air castles as I stood my trick at the wheel and hove it over to meet the low-ringing swell and forestall the vessel's yaw, but what picture equals that of the brain? In progressive stages I mentally doubled Montauk, raised Blockhouse island, sunk it, and saw the mist of Norman's Land, and then swept around the great western clay cliffs of the Vineyard, and was at home. Every detail was real, yet fairer than reality. By some queer change in me I looked less for glory now than I had the month before. War was well enough if it must be; glory was a prize easily gotten, but there was nothing to equal peace. I had wanted wonderfully; nothing to equal the delights of home and domesticity. I had acquitted myself before my fellows, and for a time would rest on my honors. In short, I had by then gotten into a weak-kneed mood, the like of which every man knows at some moment of his life; harmless enough, possibly, and for the enjoyment of which he can thank God for withholding the knowledge of what the next hour has in store.

By this it was about four in the afternoon as I figured from the height of the sun, which, though clear, shone from a sky that had become flaked as though a fine-drawn smoke had settled over it. Though the wind hung still from the west, it was lighter, and the schooner dragged through the water as if it was traveling uphill. Its sluggishness I knew was due somewhat to the character of its cargo, which was the densest of dead weights, but more to the marine growth which had collected on her bottom during her long anchorage, and which could easily be seen streaming below like a long and ragged green beard. Beyond the dull purple of the cutwater and an occasional splash in our wake, not a sound broke the intense

stillness of the afternoon. Ames was forward, guarding the fore-cabin hatch, and his sister had gone below. From the prisoners (who had come at last to a realizing sense of their position) nothing had been heard beyond a demand for water, which had been given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what bade fair to become a dead calm.

We had seen a number of sail during the day, but nothing had as yet come hull above the horizon, even these showing south and west mere specks of light against the pearl of the sky line. I thanked God for the sea given the British by the advent of the French fleet, and knew that each cable's length we made to the east brought us so much nearer safety. The day was waning; night would soon be on us, and if the wind held, under cover of darkness we would be secure in our flight, and possibly the morning's sun might rise and show the gorgeous reds and yellows of Gay Head bluff with its cap of green turf, a sign that we were in home waters.

Even as my heart warmed at the thought, I cast my eye landward over the larboard quarter and saw coming out of the haze which had all but blotted out the Long Island coast a topsail schooner, bearing southeast or directly toward the Phantom. She was some five or six miles away, but even at that distance I could see by her slope that she had found a fresh slant of wind, and that from her forward cloths to the tip of her main boom every rag was drawing, her progress being mightily helped by the square sail set on her foretopmast.

There was no knowing what she was, but the fact that any craft had gotten so close without having been marked, gave me a start, and I put the helm down that the jib and staysails might draw, which would at the same time bring the stranger over our taffrail. A landlubber could have seen her as no Frenchman, for the Gaul had a style of his own, and carry, all his own, besides which they were not given to sailing small craft in these waters. She might be a privateer, in which case all would be well, but if not, and I feared my own intuition, then my air castles were doomed to ruin, my borrowed happiness was but the swan song of hope, my dream that of a condemned man.

The jibing of the foresail and my hail to Ames brought Miss King to the deck. Her brother joined us, and we three stood looking at the oncoming vessel which had appeared like a cloud to mar the brightness of a perfect day. There was no need to explain the menace lying beneath that bunch of swollen canvas. By the faces of the two I saw they realized it was a plain case of chase, the only doubt being whether it would prove for good or evil. I would have given the gold in my pocket for a good glass with which to make her out, but, as that was impossible, it took me but a few seconds to come to the conclusion that our only hope (and that a slim one) was to make the chase a stern one and give the poor Phantom, with her full bottom, all the speed possible. Putting the wheel in charge of Ames, with no loss of words I went forward, clambered up the fore shrouds and managed alone to unfurl the square sail, settling the bracing and the sheet and tack on my return to the deck. In the present light air the pull of the canvas was small, but it was something, and I knew the stranger would mark the increase of sail and read as plainly as print that we wanted nothing of her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fine People in 1789.

My lady was as reckless as my lord, and rattled the dicebox and shuffled the cards from dusk till morning, going home with ruined fortunes, in her sedan chair, when workmen were going home from lathe and loom to breakfast. Family diamonds and jewels and plate were staked when the guineas were exhausted, and when these possessions had gone farms and estates were sacrificed. The amusements, too, of wealthy people were of a coarse and cruel description. Rat-worrying, cock-fighting and badger-baiting were favorite diversions. Prize fighting was regarded as essential to keep up the courage of Englishmen. Even the clergy joined in these low and brutal pastimes, or neglected their spiritual duties, or cut short a Sunday afternoon service sooner than miss being present at a main of cocks or seeing two men entering the ring for the express purpose of pommeling one another, breaking ribs, damaging noses, knocking out teeth, and cracking jaws. The devotional life of the church was extinguished by all the apathy that prevailed during the Georgian period; the sacred edifices were dormitories for the living as well as of the dead; but the work of Whitefield and the two brothers Wesley had helped to breathe new life into the dry bones of the establishment.—Chambers' Journal.

Subtleties.

Intercourse with Christians had given the savage a taste not only for rum, but for dialect subtleties as well.

"I spare your life," he said to the captive.

"Thank you," the captive replied, not forgetting his manners.

"So you owe me your life, don't you?" asked the savage.

"Oh, yes," said the captive.

"Well, then, if I take your life, I won't be stealing, will I?" exclaimed the savage.

It was clear this benighted person took a truly civilized delight in buncoling his ethical sensibilities for the benefit of his propensities.—Detroit Journal.

Tit for Tat.

Cross-Examining Counsel—Isn't your husband a burglar?

Witness—Yes.

Cross-Examining Counsel—And didn't you know he was a burglar when you married him?

Witness—Yes; but I was getting a little old, and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer, so what else could I do?—Harlem Life.

Astronomical Item.

Although quite youthful in his appearance, Johnnie Chaffie, like "little Willie" in the well-known ballad, is decidedly precocious. When the teacher asked the class: "Are there other moons besides ours?" Johnnie jumped up, and exclaimed:

"Yes, there's the honeymoon!"—Tammany Times.

"Scorpion!" he hissed, after the other fellow had kicked him. "Lucky for you I ain't a centipede," retorted the kicker.—Town Topics.

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Lve Frankfort a . . .	6:00am	3:40pm	1:00pm
Lve Elkhorn . . .	7:02am	3:52pm	1:20pm
Lve Louisville . . .	7:10am	4:00pm	1:30pm
Lve Stamping Grnd . .	7:20am	4:10pm	1:50pm
Lve Duvalis . . .	7:29am	4:19pm	...
Lve Johnson . . .	7:31am	4:22pm	...
Lve Georgetown . . .	7:40am	4:30pm	...
Lve C & R Depot b . .	7:50am	4:38pm	3:00pm
Lve Newtown . . .	8:07am	4:45pm	...
Lve Centerville . . .	8:15am	4:53pm	...
Lve Elizabethtown . .	8:20am	5:00pm	...
Arr Paris c . . .	8:30am	5:10pm	...

WEST BOUND.			
	No. 2. Pass.	No. 4. Pass.	No. 6. Mixed.
Lve Paris c . . .	9:30am	5:40pm	...
Lve Elizabethtown . .	9:40am	5:50pm	...
Lve Centerville . . .	9:45am	5:55pm	...
Lve Newtown . . .	9:53am	6:03pm	...
Lve C & R Depot b . .	10:28am	6:17pm	7:50am
Lve Georgetown . . .	10:35am	6:20pm	...
Lve Johnson . . .	10:37am	6:26pm	...
Lve Duvalis . . .	10:48am	6:32pm	...
Lve Stamping Grnd . .	10:50am	6:39pm	8:40am
Lve Louisville . . .	11:00am	6:49pm	9:40am
Lve Elkhorn . . .	11:07am	6:56pm	8:55am
Arr Frankfort a . . .	11:20am	7:10pm	9:15am

Daily except Sunday. a Connects with L. & N.; b connects with Q. & C.; connects with Ky. Central.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL POINTS

	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Frankfort . . .	7:10	7:10	11:20	7:10
Georgetown . . .	7:15	7:15	11:25	7:15
Paris . . .	7:20	7:20	11:30	7:20
Elkhorn . . .	7:25	7:25	11:35	7:25
Centerville . . .	7:30	7:30	11:40	7:30
Newtown . . .	7:35	7:35	11:45	7:35
C & R Depot . . .	7:40	7:40	11:50	7:40
Duvalis . . .	7:45	7:45	11:55	7:45
Johnson . . .	7:50	7:50	12:00	7:50
Stamping Grnd . .	7:55	7:55	12:05	7:55
Louisville . . .	8:00	8:00	12:10	8:00

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OUR SPECIAL PRICE for all elastic goods: A to L, \$1.50; L to S, \$2.00; S to M, \$2.50; M to L, \$3.00; L to S, \$3.50; S to M, \$4.00; M to L, \$4.50; L to S, \$5.00; S to M, \$5.50; M to L, \$6.00; L to S, \$6.50; S to M, \$7.00; M to L, \$7.50; L to S, \$8.00; S to M, \$8.50; M to L, \$9.00; L to S, \$9.50; S to M, \$10.00; M to L, \$10.50; L to S, \$11.00; S to M, \$11.50; M to L, \$12.00; L to S, \$12.50; S to M, \$13.00; M to L, \$13.50; L to S, \$14.00; S to M, \$14.50; M to L, \$15.00; L to S, \$15.50; S to M, \$16.00; M to L, \$16.50; L to S, \$17.00; S to M, \$17.50; M to L, \$18.00; L to S, \$18.50; S to M, \$19.00; M to L, \$19.50; L to S, \$20.00; S to M, \$20.50; M to L, \$21.00; L to S, \$21.50; S to M, \$22.00; M to L, \$22.50; L to S, \$23.00; S to M, \$23.50; M to L, \$24.00; L to S, \$24.50; S to M, \$25.00; M to L, \$25.50; L to S, \$26.00; S to M, \$26.50; M to L, \$27.00; L to S, \$27.50; S to M, \$28.00; M to L, \$28.50; L to S, \$29.00; S to M, \$29.50; M to L, \$30.00; L to S, \$30.50; S to M, \$31.00; M to L, \$31.50; L to S, \$32.00; S to M, \$32.50; M to L, \$33.00; L to S, \$33.50; S to M, \$34.00; M to L, \$34.50; L to S, \$35.00; S to M, \$35.50; M to L, \$36.00; L to S, \$36.50; S to M, \$37.00; M to L, \$37.50; L to S, \$38.00; S to M, \$38.50; M to L, \$39.00; L to S, \$39.50; S to M, \$40.00; M to L, \$40.50; L to S, \$41.00; S to M, \$41.50; M to L, \$42.00; L to S, \$42.50; S to M, \$43.00; M to L, \$43.50; L to S, \$44.00; S to M, \$44.50; M to L, \$45.00; L to S, \$45.50; S to M, \$46.00; M to L, \$46.50; L to S, \$47.00; S to M, \$47.50; M to L, \$48.00; L to S, \$48.50; S to M, \$49.00; M to L, \$49.50; L to S, \$50.00; S to M, \$50.50; M to L, \$51.00; L to S, \$51.50; S to M, \$52.00; M to L, \$52.50; L to S, \$53.00; S to M, \$53.50; M to L, \$54.00; L to S, \$54.50; S to M, \$55.00; M to L, \$55.50; L to S, \$56.00; S to M, \$56.50; M to L, \$57.00; L to S, \$57.50; S to M, \$58.00; M to L, \$58.50; L to S, \$59.00; S to M, \$59.50; M to L, \$60.00; L to S, \$60.50; S to M, \$61.00; M to L, \$61.50; L to S, \$62.00; S to M, \$62.50; M to L, \$63.00; L